

SILLY SEASONINGS.

The usual correspondence relating to the holidays is now due in the daily papers. The following may be expected :—

I.—THE HOLIDAYS.—A WARNING.

SIR.—Now that the holiday-season is in full swing, may I most solemnly warn against sea-bathing all those of your readers who are spending their vacation on the coast? It has at last been discovered that the enormous mortality which annually occurs amongst those recently returned from a holiday by the sea is due to the fact that, while bathing, minute particles of salt enter the pores of these unfortunate persons, causing clogging of the functions of the skin and subsequent death. It is calculated that at every immersion four ounces of solid rock-salt are absorbed by the epidermis. *Verbum, Sir, satis sapienti.*

Yours solemnly, HARLEY STREET.

Startled readers are at once plunged into "Should we Bathe?" Sir OLIVER LONGE proves that the salt-water pastime promotes Mormonism; Mr. EUSTACE MILES attributes seven-twenty-fifths of his fitness to a daily mud-bath—one barrow-load garden soil, eight gallons water, and a pinch of salt; mix well.

II.—SUPERFLUOUS LUGGAGE.

DEAR SIR,—Why lumber ourselves with bags and boxes when on our holidays? I always take a brown paper parcel and a mouse-trap for odds and ends. Yours, etc. FREE AND HAPPY.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES explains how a complete outfit for two persons can be packed in the pockets of a Norfolk jacket, and a bright controversy is well started.

III.—PEEK-A-BOO BATHING DRESSES.

SIR.—As I, my dear wife, three daughters, two sons and cat (tom) start to-morrow for the seaside, may I express the hope that you, Sir, will raise your voice in protest against what, with a touch of bitter irony, I may term the *common objects* of the seashore? I refer, Sir, to the young women (ladies they cannot be) who at all hours of the morning may be seen romping in the surf, clad in bathing-dresses which are in the highest degree indelicate and offensive. These garments are gaudy in colour, thin in texture, quite unnecessary frills adorn their terminations at the arms and lower extremities, and, when wet, they cling to the form in a manner eminently abhorrent. Last summer my boys and I were quite unable to scan the passing ships with our field-glasses, as whenever we did so one of these *common objects* would almost certainly bob into view,

Yours, etc., SHOCKED.

"SHOCKED'S" views are cordially sup-



A NEW DISEASE—THE GOLF TWIST.

ported and attacked. Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT describes a *chic* little bathing-costume of thick black serge confined at neck, wrists, and ankles, and including a riding habit, shoes, gloves, motor-glasses and skull-cap. Mr. EUSTACE MILES describes the best hygienic bathing wear for both sexes.

IV.—NOVEL HOLIDAYS.

SIR.—Why does not the average Englishman infuse more originality into his annual holiday? Last summer a friend and I spent a most delightful fortnight down a drain. My friend is now dead; otherwise, he would, I know, have accompanied me to-morrow, when I start for a month in a temporarily disused pig-stye in Essex.

Yours, etc., FREE AND WILD.

Suggestions pour in. Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE describes a healthy holiday in a dovecot; Mr. EUSTACE MILES enlarges on a fortnight (at 103d. a day) spent in a clothes basket swung over a stream from the branch of a tree.

We doubt if the Cambridge crew understand fully what they are in for. According to *The Evening News* the Harvard eight launch their boat as follows :—

"In launching the boat the crew all raise it above their heads. Then Stroke, No. 6, No. 4 and No. 2 take their places."

As the Ouida hero said when asked if he could stroke the 'Varsity eight, "Feel that," pointing proudly to his biceps."

In reply to a correspondent who asks his opinion as to whether the photograph of Miss CORELLI in her new book was in any way "touched up," Mr. Punch begs to say that the answer is in the negative. It may be seen on application at the photographer's.

A Moated Farm.

"DAIRY, with milk round."

Daily Mail.

WHO KILLED THE SACRED CAT?

THE creators of *Amasis* have flown very bravely in the face of convention. For, firstly, there are only two of them instead of the usual half dozen, with their "additional lyrics," superfluous numbers, &c. Secondly, the word "girl" does not appear in the title, nor has the alternative of a Japanese setting been adopted. Thirdly—a very daring innovation—their comic opera contains something distinctly resembling a plot, with a fairly logical sequence of ideas. All this may explain why their work appears at a theatre not usually associated with comic opera, and at the very nadir of the dull season. However, the counter attraction of Cowes did not seem to affect its success, and the Country Cousin, on whose "vile body" the experiment was made, applauded rapturously all that she could understand.

Mr. FREDERICK FENN, the librettist, has gone to Ancient Egypt for his novelty. Prince *Anhotep* was about to marry *Amasis*, daughter of the Pharaoh of the day; but on the very eve of the wedding, just as he was composing a sonnet to his lady, the music of one of the Sacred Cats had disturbed his train of thought, and in a moment of rash anger he had dropped a brick upon the beast and killed it. The penalty for this offence—immediate death, with or without torture, according to the executioner's taste—threatened to dislocate the wedding arrangements; when forth from his machine steps a god in the person of one *Cheiro*—not a palmist, but a poor scribe who spends his spare time chipping hieroglyphs out of a canvas obelisk. In his modest and unassertive way he harbours a secret passion for the Princess, and is prepared to assume responsibility for the assassination of the Sacred Cat, and die with lovely perjury on his lips and the joy of sacrifice in his heart.

Who killed the Cat?
"I," said the Scribe,
"It was my little gibe;
I killed the Cat."

The law, not being fastidious about executing the actual criminal, so long as somebody is put to death, gives *Cheiro* the benefit of the doubt and condemns him to die.

But *Anhotep* and *Amasis* are too well-bred to take advantage of his gallantry, and the lady in the nick of time recalls an ancient local tradition by which a criminal is reprieved if on his way to execution he meets a pure and kindly girl. She (*Amasis*) will undertake to be that girl. The curious thing is that this happy thought never occurred to her at the time when the Prince's life was at stake. However, it is just as well that the inspiration was postponed;

otherwise the last half of the play would have been rendered nugatory.

I have pleasure in adding that the law about somebody having to die when



Pharaoh . . . Mr. Rutland Barrington.

a Sacred Cat is killed was duly honoured by the death of the offensive *Ptolemy*, who inadvertently perished by his own chemical processes while in the act of embalming the defunct Pussy.

There are merry moments in the play, but I think that full advantage has not been taken of the chances of harmless profanity offered by the animal worship of Ancient Egypt. I cannot help feeling that a human Crocodile or a human Cat might well have been introduced on the stage. As it was, the only two actors who got the full fun out of words or by-play were Mr. LAURI DE FREEC (in the manner of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE) and Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON (in the manner of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON). The latter, who did not make his appearance as *Pharaoh* till well on in the second half, was a most delectable object in his

flaming corkscrew curls. He sang and chatted very pleasantly and naturally, showing no sort of pedantry in his treatment of the text, of which a copy was kindly presented to me, with other first-nighters, by the author.

Mr. ROLAND CUNNINGHAM as *Anhotep* contributed a fine virile figure—and little else; and Mr. NORMAN SALMOND, who was as tall as ever, seems to have let his singing voice grow thinner. Certainly he spoke much more sonorously than he sang.

The vocal triumphs of the evening fell to charming Miss RUTH VINCENT in the title rôle, and Mr. WHITWORTH MITTON as *Cheiro*. Miss VINCENT's technique was very far above the average of comic opera; and Mr. MITTON has a voice made for tender sentiment. Each of them should be heard some day in more ambitious work.

Mr. FARADAY'S music served its modest purpose admirably in the interpretation of Mr. FENN's lyrics. These were not up to the standard of Mr. GILBERT or Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, but they were better than pantomime doggrel. Like all but the very best of his kind Mr. FENN is a chartered licentiate in rhymes, but I cannot just now recall a worse conjunction than his "cruelly" rhymed with "demurely." Samples of the ordinary cockney rhyme—"Duma," "humour"—occur, of course, on almost every page. Why these things should be tolerated in an opera libretto I cannot say. The eye, it is true, is not offended (unless you happen to be following in the book), but the ear suffers an enhanced torture from the singer's rolling of his r's. However, a comic opera audience has a toughish tympanum; and I saw nobody wince.

Altogether, I think the author and composer have given us an entertainment that should last well over the provincial season and possibly survive the return of Society and the Higher Criticism.

O. S.

Journalistic Candour.

On a placard between Boulogne and Paris:

DAILY MAIL
CONTINENTAL EDITION.
All news a day in advance.

"—PATENT CORSET.—Closed for Holidays from 21st July till 6th August."

Dundee Advertiser.

We are glad to think that purchasers are again breathing freely.

"The throwing of rice at weddings is probably the oldest custom at present in common use"—*Harcich Express*.

PROBABLY the custom of having weddings is almost as old.



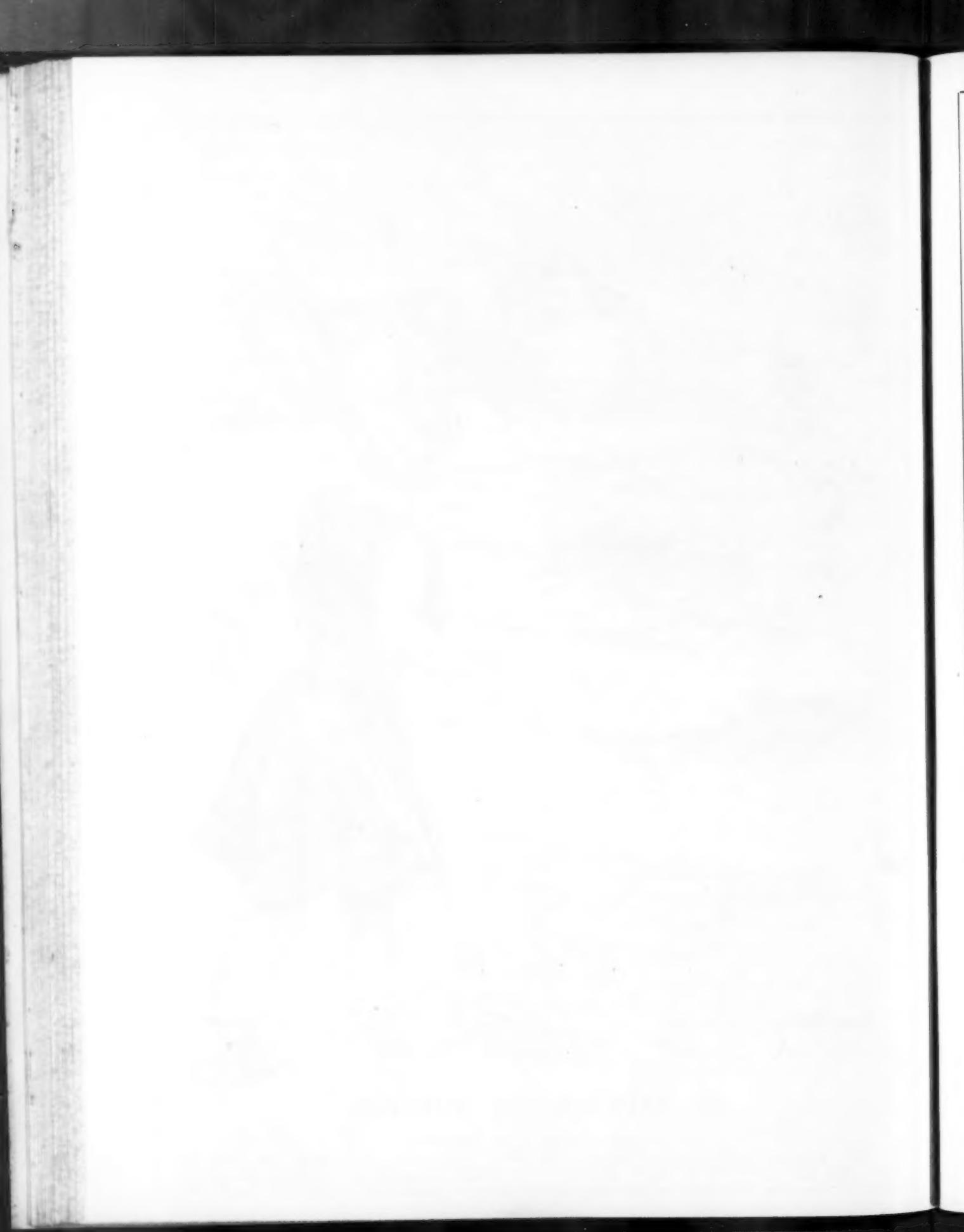
Nebenchari . . . Mr. Norman Salmond.



AN UNDER-RATED MONSTER.

BRITANNIA. "THAT'S A NASTY-LOOKING OBJECT, MR. BOATMAN."

LOD TW-DM-TH. "BLESS YOUR 'EART, MUM, 'E WONT 'URT YOU. I'VE BEEN 'ERE, MAN AN' BOY, FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS; AN' WE DON'T TAKE NO ACCOUNT O' THEM THINGS."





MISS TABITHA SPRIGGINS, AFTER MANY YEARS OF SEARCH, AT LAST MEETS THE MAN SHE HAS LOOKED FOR.

UP-RIVER DEFINITIONS.

Regatta—An occasion upon which you are annoyed if someone obstructs your view of races in which you take no sort of interest.

Houseboat—A floating domicile with all the discomforts of home.

Launch (if you are a passenger)—A smart, speedy vessel. (If not)—A nuisance which should certainly be suppressed; a temporary resort for vulgar trippers.

Backwater—A halting-place for the semi-public display of sentiment.

Bow and Stern—Those parts of your own conveyance with which you scrape the paint from other craft.

Amidships—Where your boat is struck when run down.

Island—A body of land completely surrounded by picnic parties.

“*Private Property*”—An inscription on a notice-board, marking a convenient spot at which to land for tea, and deposit all rubbish, valueless impedimenta, &c.

Rain—A meteorological condition caused by the payment of a boat's hire in advance.

Chaperon—An elderly female left at home, or eluded on the way from town; almost extinct.

Boat-owner—A pessimist of an extreme type, who, nevertheless, lives on the fat of the water.

Last train—An absurdly early and punctual conveyance which you miss.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

[Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's recent series of unparalleled adventures on his way to the Leeds Law Courts seems to have set a fashion in judicial excuses, if we may take the evidence of the following reports.]

MR. JUSTICE LITTLEHAM, who did not appear until two hours after he should have done, and was then unrecognisable in bandages, said he was sorry to be late. If he might employ a venerable cliché he would say it was through no fault of his own, but a series of misadventures on the way thither. Entering a four-wheeler at his hotel, he had almost immediately been run into by the leading elephant of a passing circus procession, both cab and beast sustaining severe damage. His Lordship, unhurt, had extricated himself from the débris and borrowed a bicycle in the KING's name, but chancing almost at once to run over a hedgehog he incurred so many punctures that further progress was impossible.

In default of other artificial means of locomotion, in which, it is true, he was

beginning to lose faith, he walked, and would have been only an hour or so late had it not been for a bad banana-fall that necessitated a visit to a surgeon. (*Applause in Court.*)

MR. JUSTICE DALLYMORE, who did not reach the courts until three days had elapsed from the proper time of opening, explained his absence by saying that he had been spending the weekend at Cowes, and on Monday morning stepped, as he thought, on board the steamer for Southampton. As it happened, however, it was a gun-boat bound for the Mediterranean, a mistake which he did not discover until they were off Grisnez. Immediately the commanding officer was made aware of the error he transferred his Lordship to a passing homeward-bound vessel; and here he was, &c., prepared to do his duty without fear or favour! (*Sensation.*)

MR. JUSTICE HEAVILIN, who kept his court waiting for more than five hours last Wednesday, said that no doubt he should have been there in time had he not overslept himself. But he had dreamed so vividly about an imaginary murder case that the united efforts of his valet, the butler, two footmen and a chauffeur had failed to wake him. (*Gallery cleared.*)

MARINE MARVELS.

THANKS to the courtesy of the proprietors of our valued contemporary *The Dictator*, we are enabled to print in advance a selection from the letters which will appear in next Saturday's issue on the subject of the Strange Sea Monster recently observed by Dr. A. J. BUTLER.

SIR.—Dr. BUTLER'S strange experience reminds me forcibly of an incident of my salad days, unless indeed I should call them "sallet days" in deference to the orthography of *The Times*. It was when I was still an undergraduate at Balliol, and the incident occurred on one of the rare occasions on which I induced the late Master to take part in a game of water-polo then recently introduced by my cousin Lord ALTRICHAM on Port Meadow. The Master, who rode a highly-trained Mexican porpoise, had just executed a masterly wing shot when a large freshwater crayfish, leaping out of the water, swooped down on the eminent Grecian and stung him severely in the triceps. We were all paralysed by the sight, all except my dear friend and kinsman ALARIC TIMPERLEY—endeared to many generations of Harrovians by the grace of his manners and his finely chiselled profile—who rushed to the rescue and beat off the infuriated crustacean with his Schenectady putter. The Master, as I have recorded in my volume *Jaws with Genius*, showed great presence of mind, his only remark being, "I have always disliked crayfish, and now I know the reason." ALARIC TIMPERLEY, who received the Royal Humane Society's medal for his gallant rescue, subsequently married my stepmother's niece, and while mountaineering in the Lebanon was kidnapped by Druses and immured in a Mingrelian phalanstery. He was, as Mr. GLADSTONE once remarked to me, too rare a soul for the mundane cockpit. Curiously enough Mr. GLADSTONE never saw a game of water-polo, though he was much interested in the Basque game of pelota on the occasion of his visit to Biarritz.

I am, Sir, &c.,

LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

[We are delighted to print Mr. LONGMIRE'S apt and interesting reminiscence. Water-polo, especially in this weather, is a splendid and refreshing exercise, and we sincerely hope that Mr. HALDANE will see his way to include it in the physical curriculum of the Auxiliary Forces.—ED. *Dictator*.]

SIR.—Dr. BUTLER'S experience, though remarkable, is not unparalleled. When walking the other day on the Goodwin Sands I saw a cormorant dart down and remain glued to the spot. On coming up to the bird I found that it had been attracted by an open oyster, which had

closed with such rapidity and force upon its beak that the bird was unable to fly away. I took them both home with me, and their skeletons now repose in my private museum. I may add that I have heard of a similar incident in which a curlew was captured by a cockle. I am, Sir, &c.,

LYULPH PHIBBS.

[We are delighted to print the impressive narrative of so veracious a correspondent as Mr. PHIBBS, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of his story. Personally we have always had the greatest respect for the "native worth" of oysters, and believe that if they were included in the diet of the Militia, they would be able to go anywhere and do anything.—ED. *Dictator*.]

SIR.—I am encouraged by the example of Dr. A. J. BUTLER to forward you a brief account of a strange animal friendship that has come within my personal knowledge. My eldest son recently brought back from Eton a tortoise which he had swapped for a camera. On the day after his arrival he missed his pet, and on instituting a search discovered it in the pinetum in company with a fine Bombay Duck which lives in a neighbouring pond. Since then the strangely assorted pair have been quite inseparable. They go out for long walks together, and more than once the duck has taken the tortoise on its back for a swim in the pond. I enclose a coloured photograph of the pair, a copy of which I have forwarded to Professor RAY LANKESTER, and remain,

Yours faithfully, A. LEGGE PULLAR.

[It is a sincere pleasure to us to publish Mr. PULLAR'S intensely interesting and convincing story. We hope that all Volunteers will profit by its lesson and learn not merely to swim, but to swim carrying something or somebody on their backs. As we have always insisted, the value of Auxiliary Forces is doubled if and when they are amphibious.—ED. *Dictator*.]

SIR.—Could not the strange sea monster seen by Dr. A. J. BUTLER have been a dwarf kraken, or possibly an undersized clumbungus?

Yours faithfully, ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

[We are only too pleased to give all publicity to our correspondent's ingenious and plausible conjecture. Personally we have never seen a kraken, but, if we mistake not, Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN has actually witnessed a kraken jamboree. Be that as it may, it is clear that the possibilities of invasion and therefore the value of our Home Defence Army are greatly enhanced by the apparition of these sea-raiders. It would, we think, be most interesting to test the nerve of our Volunteers by suddenly

confronting them, during manœuvres, with some unfamiliar and appalling monster—such as the okapi or diplodocus. Surely Mr. HALDANE could induce the Treasury to provide funds for such an experiment.—ED. *Dictator*.]

MORE JUDICIAL TYRANNY!

(*A Bitter Cry from the Suburbs*.)

[Sir GORELL BARNES has announced that no sketching will be allowed next term in the Divorce Court.]

OH, MR. JUSTICE GORELL BARNES,

Likewise your "Brother" DEANE,

Unless the law-reporter yarns,

We think you're very mean.

We take a painful interest

In all Divorce Court doings,

It gives suburban life a zest

To read of wrongful wooings.

OUR SUNDAY LITERATURE'S CONFINED

To studying each romance

In penny weekly prints enshrined,

With sketches that entrance.

They lighten up with thumb-nail skill

The various spicy cases;

They're all alike, but yet they thrill—

Those co-respondent faces!

We love to mark the goings-on

Behind Belgravian scenes,

And, as the glowing lines we con,

To learn what High Life means,

And see what hat each Countess wore

When posing as a witness;

But if the artist draws no more,

How can we test its fitness?

It yields an all-absorbing joy

To scan the picture-page

That shows the features sweetly coy

Of ladies on the stage;

We must inspect the lineaments

Of heroine and houri—

And now a cruel judge prevents

Our acting as the jury!

The pencil's mightier than the pen

In advertising days;

The Kodak brings within our ken

The leading divorcees.

We like to know the very worst,

Being so highly moral,

So do not balk our greedy thirst,

Illiberal Sir GORELL!

ZIG-ZAG.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Delayed in publication.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My Governess has just shown me a picture which you made of two little girls doing lessons, and one saying "I count on my toes—then she can't see me doing it." Miss SMITHSON says it's an excellent picture of me and my sister. But, dear Mr. Punch, you have made some mistakes. My name is MAY, not ETHEL, and I don't count on my toes. Can you guess how I do it?

Thank you for the likeness, which is very good. Yours lovingly,

MAY TRUEMAN.

P.S.—You made my governess rather old and scraggy. She is *really* young and pretty, and such a dear.

Sir,—I have just seen your number of the 18th ult., in which appears a drawing of two girls engaged upon their lessons, with their governess. One of the girls (ETHEL) is made to say "I count on my toes—then she (the governess) can't see me doing it."

The features depicted of the speaker are clearly those of my daughter, and I am sorry to say that the article is untrue in three particulars—(1) My daughter's name is MAY, not ETHEL; (2) My daughter does not count on her toes, but—being a slender girl—she counts on her ribs; and (3) Her governess can see her doing this, and does not object.

I regret that *Punch* should stoop to insert so libellous a statement concerning a young lady unable to defend herself, and I must ask you to insert this communication on her behalf.

Yours, &c. ADOLPHUS TRUEMAN.

"THE BANANA FALL."

(*A note on Pavement Etiquette.*)

WHEN, after a short but rapid journey along the pavement executed by the aid of a banana skin, you obey the immutable law of gravity and come to a sudden sitstill by the kerb, you must restrain, at no matter what sacrifice, any desire which you may feel to smile blandly back upon the crowd, whether it is a sympathetic crowd or not.

The correct attitude is as follows: Having ascertained that the full extent of your injuries is no more than will occasion some slight discomfort when cycling, &c., draw up one knee into a graceful and unconstrained position, flick the dust carelessly from your elbow, and remark casually to any intelligent bystander that you do not think the Education Bill has the ghost of a chance.

Do not appear in the least self-conscious, but on the other hand neither must you scowl, unless (in exceptional cases) very slightly, or mutter discontentedly to yourself. The most suitable expression to wear is one of quiet, good-natured boredom, but if anybody addresses a question to you answer him politely and kindly, as you would a pretty girl who asked you the way to Oxford Street.

Do not aim a kick—which is sure to miss—at the dog which appears in order to sniff you critically all over, but be careful to treat him as though you were passionately fond of animals; pull his ears gently, and pat him caressingly on the head. This will lead all new arrivals



Belle of Balham (to Professor, who has just played Chopin's Funeral March). "TEAU'S AWFULLY JOLLY! NOW PLAY ONE OF LOHENGRIN'S THINGS!"

to suppose that you are sitting on the ground solely in order to fondle him, and always creates a good impression. Office boys in particular will admire this trait in your character.

You have now remained seated on the ground long enough to be able to rise without appearing in any way flurried or nervous. The best way of rising is to crook one leg until the foot is well underneath, so that you may straighten out to a standing posture with a single elegant and easy motion.

Do this.

If the youth who now steps forward and presents you with your hat is of a sweet and tractable disposition, he will indicate the fact by gently touching his forehead, and a copper or two is well bestowed. If, however, he approaches with a grin on his face, and loudly assures you that the damage to the hat is slight, you may be sure that he will regard such an offering as tribute rather

than a present therefore seize him by the collar, and accuse him, quietly but firmly, of attempting to steal the hat, and of having caused the damage to it himself. In extreme cases he may also be accused of having dropped the banana skin. Having regained your property, dismiss him with a slight cuff on the ear. As the sight of a fellow creature in pain is always agreeable, this is sure to put the crowd in a good humour.

Now dust your hat and replace it on your head, and walk off nonchalantly, having first picked up your stick and anything else you may have dropped, except your cigar. Leave this as largesse for the crowd to wrangle over.

"Fear not, till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

"THEY then went on a short visit to Edinburg where they saw Windsor Castle and Stoke Pogis." — *Pittsburg Chronicle*.

MY TEAM.

V.—AT THE WICKETS.

AT lunch I said: "I have just had a wire from the Derbyshire Committee to say that I may put myself on to bowl."

"That is good hearing," said HENRY.

"Did they hear?" asked GERALD anxiously, looking over at the Chartleigh team.

"You may think you're very funny, but I'll bet you a—a—anything you like that I get GEORGE out."

"All right," said GERALD. "I'll play you for second wicket down, the loser to go in last."

"Done," I said; "and what about passing the salad now?"

After lunch the Editor took me on one side and said, "I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"Then why did you have so much? I asked.

"I mean the wicket. It's dangerous. I am not thinking of myself so much, as of—."

"As of the reading public?"

"Quite so."

"You think you—you would be missed in Fleet Street—just at first?"

"You are not putting the facts too strongly. I was about to suggest that I should be a 'did not bat'."

"Oh! I see. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I was talking just now to the sister of their captain."

The Editor looked interested.

"About the pen of the gardener?" he said.

"About you. She said—I give you her own words—'Who is the tall handsome man keeping wicket in an M.C.C. cap?' So I said you were a well-known county player, as she would see when you went in to bat."

The Editor shook my hand impressively.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I shall not fail her. What county did you say?"

"Part of Flint. You know the little bit that's got into the wrong county by mistake? That part. She had never heard of it; but I assured her it had a little bit of yellow all to itself on the map. Have you a pretty good eleven?"

The Editor swore twice—once for me and once for Flint. Then we went out into the field.

My first ball did for GEORGE. I followed the tactics of WILLIAM THE FIRST at the Battle of Hastings, 1066. You remember how he ordered his archers to shoot into the air, and how one arrow fell and pierced the eye of HAROLD, whereupon confusion and disaster arose. So with GEORGE. I hurled one perpen-

dicularly into the sky, and it dropped (after a long time) straight upon the batsman. GEORGE followed it with a slightly contemptuous eye . . . all the way.

All the way. Of course I was sorry. We were all much distressed. They told us afterwards he had never been hit in the eye before . . . one gets new experiences.

GEORGE retired hurt. Not so much hurt as piqued, I fancy. He told the *umpire* it wasn't bowling. Possibly. Neither was it batting. It was just superior tactics.

The innings soon closed, and we had 61 to win, and, what seemed more likely, 59 and various other numbers to lose. Sixty-one is a very unlucky number with me—oddly enough I have never yet made 61; like W. G. GRACE, who has never made 93. My average this season is 5, which is a respectable number. As BOLTON pointed out—if we each got 5 to-day, and there were 6 extras, we should win. I suppose if one plays chess a good deal one thinks of these things.

HAROLD, I mean GEORGE, refused to field, so I nobly put myself in last and substituted for him. This was owing to an argument as to the exact wording of my bet with GERALD.

"You said you'd get him out," said GERALD.

"I meant 'out of the way,' 'out of the field,' 'out of ——'"

"I meant 'out' according to the Laws of Cricket. There are nine ways. Which was yours, I should like to know?"

"Obstructing the ball."

"There you are."

I shifted my ground.

"I didn't say I'd get him out," I explained. "I said I'd get him. Those were my very words. 'I will get GEORGE.' Can you deny that I got him?"

"Even if you said that, which you didn't, the common construction that one puts upon the phrase is ——"

"If you are going to use long words like that," I said, "I must refer you to my solicitor BOLTON."

Whereupon BOLTON took counsel's opinion, and reported that he could not advise me to proceed with the matter. So GERALD took second wicket, and I fielded.

However, one advantage of fielding was that I saw the Editor's innings from start to finish at the closest quarters. He came in at the end of the first over, and took guard for "left hand round the wicket."

"Would you give it me?" he said to BOLTON. "These country umpires . . . Thanks. And what's that over the wicket? Thanks."

He marked two places with the bail. "How about having it from here?" I

suggested at mid-on. "It's quite a good place, and we're in a straight line with the church."

The Editor returned the bail, and held up his bat again.

"That 'two leg' all right? Thanks."

He was proceeding to look round the field when a gentle voice from behind him said: "If you wouldn't mind moving a bit, Sir, I could bowl."

"Oh, is it over?" said the Editor airily, to hide his confusion. "I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon."

Still he had certainly impressed the sister of their captain, and it was dreadful to think of the disillusionment that might follow at any moment. However, as it happened, he had still another trick up his sleeve. BOLTON hit a ball to cover, and the Editor, in the words of the local paper, "most sportingly sacrificed his wicket when he saw that his partner had not time to get back. It was a question, however, whether there was ever a run possible."

Which shows that the reporter did not know of the existence of their captain's sister.

When I came in the score was 51 for nine, and HENRY was still in. I had only one ball to play, so I feel that I should describe it in full. I have four good scoring strokes—the cut, the drive, the hook, and the glance. As the bowler ran up to the crease I decided to cut the ball to the ropes. Directly, however, it left his hand I saw that it was a ball to hook, and accordingly I changed my attitude to the one usually adopted for that stroke. But the ball came up further than I expected, so at the last moment I drove it hard past the bowler. That at least was the idea. Actually it turned out to be a beautiful glance shot to the leg boundary. Seldom, if ever, has BELDAM had such an opportunity for four action photographs on one plate.

HENRY took a sixer next ball, and so we won. And the rest of the story of my team is it not written in the journals of *The Sportsman* and *The Chartleigh Watchman*, and in the hearts of all who were privileged to compose it? But how the Editor took two jokes I told him in the train, and put them in his paper (as his own), and how CAREY challenged the engine-driver to an 18-hole solitaire match, and how . . . those things indeed shall never be divulged.

"The first stone bridge was mostly built by PETER, the Curate of St. Mary's, the foundation stone being laid in 1176. The pious architect did not live to complete the work, as he died in 1902."—*The Friend*.

We do hope PETER was paid piece-work.



THE GROWN-UP BROWNS CONSENT TO JOIN IN A GAME ON THE SANDS, "JUST TO PLEASE THE YOUNGSTERS." SO FAR, THE YOUNGSTERS HAVE FAILED TO APPRECIATE THE ALTRUISM OF THIS CONDUCT.

A THREE-FIGURE DIET.

[“Mr. JOSEPH ZEITLIN, of Brooklyn, New York, who has just celebrated his 101st birthday, advises all who wish to become centenarians to drink plenty of good wine, beer and whisky, to eat what they like, and smoke all they want to.”—*Daily Express*.]

For many and many a year have I tied myself
Down to a diet supremely severe ;
Anything nice have I always denied myself,
Though my soul hankered for Sybarite cheer.
Thoughts of a ruined digestion affrighted me ;
Visions of premature funerals blighted me,
So that I shrank from whatever delighted me,
Natural longing o'ermastered by fear.

Through all the four seasons I studied prodigiously
Chemical values of all kinds of fare ;
I fed by a formula, followed religiously,
Weighing each dram with a scrupulous care.
Though appetite tortured me, little I heeded it,
Eating when Science declared that I needed it,
Just the right quantity—never exceeded it—
When had Hygeia a pupil so rare ?

But somehow it happened, the more and more rigorous
Grew my adhesion to health-giving laws,
I found I was steadily growing less vigorous,
Daily grew nearer, I thought, to Death's jaws.
Gone was my youth with its pristine agility,
Nerves were a bundle of irritability,
Driving me fast into sheer imbecility,
Fingers and toes were as skinny as claws.

But hark to the voice of the hale centenarian

Preaching a gospel of sugar and spice !
No longer I'll linger, a pale vegetarian,
Over milk puddings of sago and rice.
In future I'll dare to detest what's detestable,
Eating voraciously any comestible,
Never enquiring if it is digestible —
Only considering whether it's nice.

Salmon—I used to suppose it would poison me —
Luscious young lobster, just fresh from the sea,
And mayonnaise, shedding its creamiest joys on me,
Sources of infinite pleasure shall be.
Bacchus and baccy—no more I'll beware of them.
Careless and happy I'll worship the pair of them.
Once they have taught me to take proper care of them,
Life will be merry and long too for me.

THE following form of Notice to Motorists has been recommended for use by local authorities :—

BOROUGH OF ——

The Borough Oubliette, situated in the main thoroughfare, opens automatically to admit all motor-cars travelling at a dangerous speed.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—With reference to your Breakfast Scoring Board, permit me to point out an error in PETER's score. After 5 spills, in the last column, for “out” you should read “retired hurt.” We do in my house.—Yours, PATERFAMILIAS.



'Arriet (to her prostrate cavalier). "DON'T YOU TOUCH 'IM, 'ARRY. 'E'S BENEATH YER!"

MR. PUNCH TO THE HARVARD CREW.

GENTLEMEN.—It was a great and joyous thought that inspired you to provoke our Cambridge men to a contest of eight-oared ships and flashing oar-blades on Father Thames's historic flood. You are confided to our loyalty and friendship, and, having greeted you as brothers in sport and generous emulation, we shall make it our pride to cherish and guard you until you iterate the mighty surface of the Atlantic and fare away on your homeward course to the banks of the River Charles.

For more years than Mr. Punch cares to number has he seen the dark blue flag of Oxford flying in rivalry to Cambridge's light blue at Putney at a season when the wind bites shrewdly and it is very cold. Now, when the sun is hot and the breezes blow mildly, we are to behold the crimson flag of Harvard waving its gallant challenge to the men of the Cam, and on that broad tide which has suffered for so many years the strokes of our native oarsmen we shall behold you feathering and swinging and smiting the beginning.

Mr. Punch is the friend of all manly and modest youngsters, and the encourager of their generous exercises in vigour and skill. Permit him then to greet you with hand and heart and

to assure you of his respect and admiration. You have travelled far to match yourselves against the sons of your Mother-University. They too are a sturdy and an active band, worthy foemen, we may believe, for your young giants. For you as for them victory in the race will mean much, but the contest with its chivalry and its effort and its endurance, with its frank and open intercourse and the friendships it must engender will mean much more. It is in this spirit that Mr. Punch, speaking on behalf of his countrymen, bids you welcome to our shores, to our river and to our hearts. If you should win he will be among the first to give you a cheer; should you lose he will cheer you no less loudly, for he knows that you will in any case have striven honourably and with undaunted courage. And when the turmoil has ceased and the shouting has died down and we all resume the normal tenor of our lives, may it be yours to feel that your visit to the old country has been in fact as pleasant as every Englishman wishes to make it.

Gentlemen, here's your very good health!

(Signed) **PUNCH.**

Putting it Kindly.

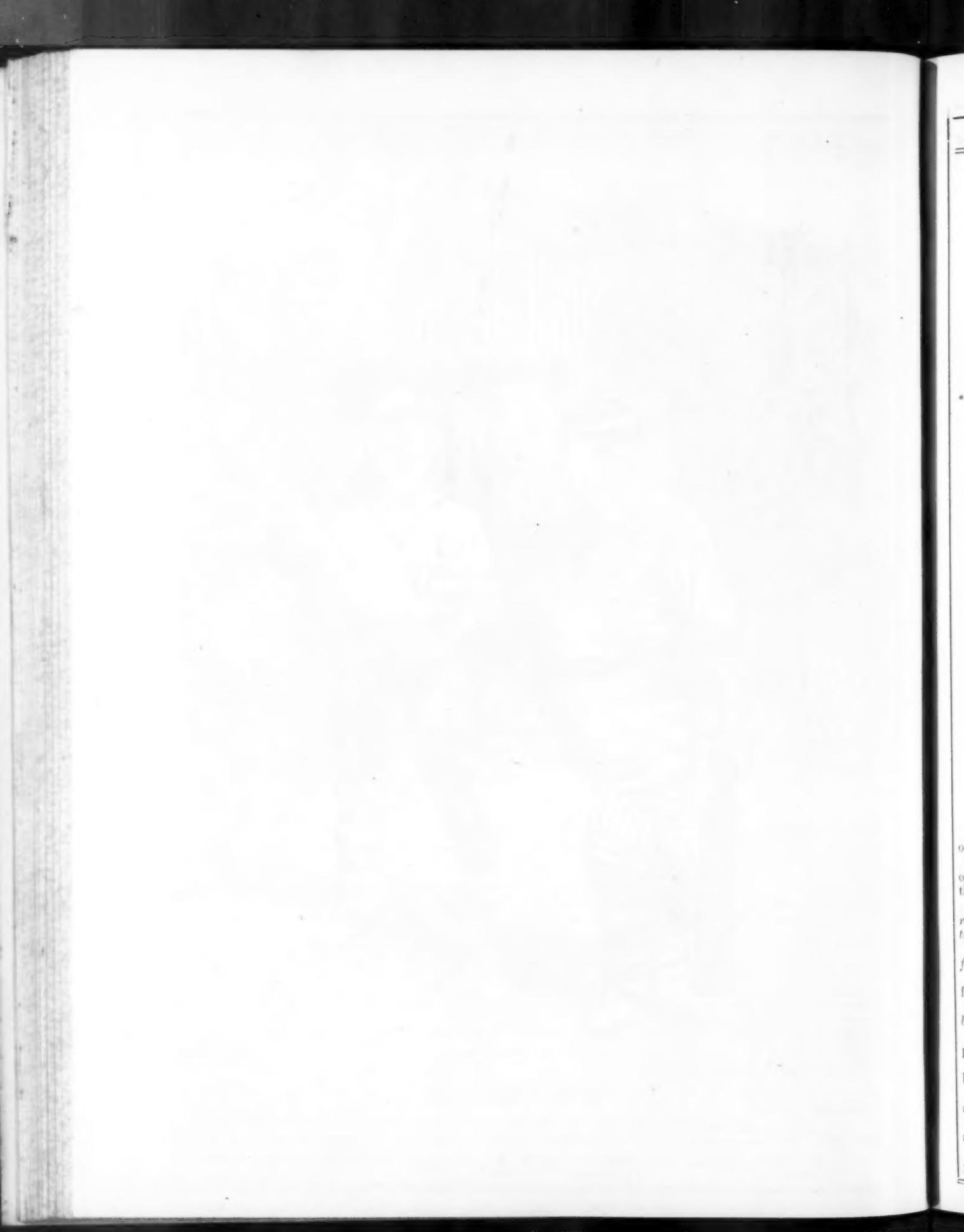
"RELF alone maintained a uniform excellence, and he was unlucky during the lunch interval."—*Daily Chronicle*.



NOT CRICKET.

CAPTAIN C.-B. (to KEIR HARDIE). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'VE ALWAYS BACKED UP WHEN YOU'VE HAD THE BOWLING; AND NOW YOU'RE TAKING TO RUNNING ME OUT! JUST TRY AND PLAY THE GAME, WILL YOU?"

[The attitude of the Labour Party in regard to by-elections is looked upon by the Government as a poor return for their concessions in the Trades Disputes Bill.]



THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTY-SECOND FRAGMENT.

1. In the *dogdész*, in Orguzz, the days of the heat-wave,
2. did the people of Brítan, the lords of the Ōshan, who live in the dust of the *motorin-klassiz*,
3. the smellers of *petrol*, the *jédid-rétyáz*, the *sweltrazin-suburbs*, the *travlazin-bussiz*,
4. the *droppez-ovéchiz*, the fathers of *fambliz*,
5. their wives, and their offspring, feel a craving for *ozón*, for niggers
6. and *sandshus*, for shrimps, *sharri-bangz*, and *kornets* and *piérroz*.
7. They packed their belongings, pulled down the *veníshan*, sent word to
8. the paper-shop, milkman and baker, . . . ("maik-perfekl-sertin the
9. *skularih-uindoh ifarsend-al-ruitdhir*") . . . and poured, in
10. their millions, to various *stéshan*, already a welt'ring *conjestid*
11. -*infernok* of *bhaisikuls*, *bébiz*, *práms*, *pérunts*, and *baggidj*,

12. seized hold of poor purple perpiring officials, and
13. pouring out breathless, *kéyotik-en-quairiz*,
14. "Which way d'yer go for Margit, and Kláktun, Dhil,
15. 'Astinz, and Yarmath?" . . .
16. ("Ain't there no thirds non-smokin'?" . . . "Du moind where yere gowin!" . . . "Begyer-
17. pardun!" . . . "It's grornted!" . . . "Come on, Billy, now, car'n yer?" . . . "I can't 'elp it, Farver,
18. the beg's gone an' busted!" . . . "Naow, Florry, du'urry!" . . . "There's
19. *anumbrelarandul* got ketched in my collur!" . . . "There goes Arnt,
20. 'ead first over them things by the bookstall!" . . . "There! what did I tell
21. yer! yer've squashed the bananas all over the biby!" *et-setrah, et-setrah.*
22. They gradually sorted them out into trainloads,

23. (in, humanly speaking, well furnished compartments)
24. and dragged them down draggled and slightly short-tempered
25. through tunnels and places, delivered them over to
26. Sunburnt, *storhattid*, vociferous flymen
27. who whisked them off flushed and excited and fretful,
28. in the feverish simmer of midsummer twilight,
29. to lodgings which no stretch of fancy could
30. Well call "inclusive." . . . Why, as for the children, they bulged through the windows.
31. Landladies in ringlets, of *furtid-iminar*
32. (whose fav'rite pursuit, in the dismal *hayétuz* when "lets" were not
33. frequent, was watching like spiders,—just inside the lace curtains,—for

34. flies from the station bringing victims with luggage who couldn't
 35. Get "suited") endeavoured to give, just for one evening
 36. only, a delusive appearance of general comfort
 37. propelling their *sloppih-antmik-domestikh*
 38. up staircases reeking with cooking and varnish,
 39. compelling that *torpid-lethargik* young person
 40. to exceed the speed limit

 41. With the daylight came sundry annoying
 42. disclosures (some flies in the ointment.)
 43. "Omar-agam sick of this mattress and pillow,
 44. it really is 'oribli-lumpian-humpi!'
 45. "Pa, you must come at once! We've turned on the
 46. 'ot-water, and tryin' to stop it, the tap 'as fell
 47. off, an' it's all overflowin'! An' the bath's *nulip-aintid*
 48. and George Alexander (a family tribute!) 'as blue'd 'imself
 49. over — 'Izaulin-izedoph"
 "An' Mar! my room's
 50. orful!" — (this came from the daughter, the youngest, I fancy, — Enrietta Maria),
 51. "I'm over the kitchen !!, an' the text on the wall 'ere
 52. says 'Eat an' be thankful' !!!!"
 53. As the morning proceeded, the family made their initial appearance
 54. to sample the simple delights of the district.
 55. A couple of daughters went forth to the slaughter in
 56. elbow-sleeved *blousiz* of *phlimsi-materyal*
 57. (*mercer-aizd-laun* I think somebody called it),
 58. no visible hats, but their hair neatly rolled as a sort of a shelter
 59. protruding in front, supported, I take it, on some weird *mechanik-al*
 60. *strukteha* or *girda*, at the back as a finish a celluloid comb
 61. (or some other explosive),
 62. with elbows held pendulous, hands that were gloveless
 63. but swinging with brazen and conscious suggestion
 64. of swagger.—Before they return to their interesting suburb
 65. their necks and their arms will be nice terra-cotta (the colour
 66. affected by boiling crustaceans),
 67. relieved by a charming and stencilled photo of open-work pattern.
 68. Their effect on the bareheaded striplings in flannels,
 69. the sitters on railings, the jumpers of counters, the shewers of socks

70. particoloured (suggestive of nothing so much as a *spektrum-analisis*)
 71. wholly demented) with collars as soft as their hearts (I'm the soul of
 72. politeness!) the Bit-lanki, the Bit-gorki, the Bit-lofi, the *Traif-for-theirmih*,
 73. the *Gothrū-themilishar*, the male Hatless Brigade (or shall we say
 74. Headless), with butterfly-ties and their hair nicely wavy to flutter
 75. the fair promenaders aforesaid (any mental deterioration
 76. arising from over-exposure in the case of such persons
 77. would never be noticed, the male and the female
 78. are equal in cerebral power each to each
 79. as our dear old friend Yüklid
 80. would put it —
 81. ah! you thought I'd forgotten the verb, but I hadn't! . . . was all
 82. that their fancy so fondly had painted.
 83. It really does make one's pulse beat a
 84. bit faster to see these dear *Jönniz*
 85. the future of Britan. I can hear them remarking
 86. "How awfully jolly it must be for those *chappiz*,
 87. the Pahlivu-frongsez and quaint little Jappiz to share an Alliance
 88. with men who at all events haven't a rival
 89. at shooting — their linen."

E. T. R.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

(Extract from Preface.)

I FELT that nature had intended me for an anthologist; but alas! it seemed that I had been born too late; all the anthologies were already made; I could only repeat the design of another.

Dark is the night that knows nor moon nor star : Darker the breast abandoned to despair.

Then a sudden ray of inspiration illumined my mournful mind. The "hundred best" examples of everything had been offered to the public times innumerable; but what of the hundred worst? Ah! I lived again: I would straightway gather together the Hundred Worst Poems in the English language.

I threw myself into my task with an ardour capable of overcoming the most obstinate difficulties; and indeed difficulties were not wanting: had it been the *million* worst poems I designed to bring together, I would have done it easily; but the selection of so small a number as a hundred is a matter requiring much and delicate discrimination.

Conscious as I am of the shortcomings of my work, it yet affords me no little satisfaction to reflect that in this wide field I have drawn the first furrow; that whatever changes may come I must

still be regarded as one of the world's pioneers; for though many have tried to compose the hundred worst poems none before myself has ever thought of selecting them from the great storehouse of English Poetry and binding them into a single garland.

"THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR—"

(From our half-over-seas correspondent.)

5 A.M.—The Channel close in shore is at present dotted with masks and faces, and at least forty per cent. of the swimmers are confident of reaching the French coast. Mew has got a fine swinging tide under him and is purring with pleasure. The weather conditions are, as usual at the start, practically perfect, but at the same time there is no use blinking the fact that the sea is very wet.

7.45 A.M.—What looked at one time like being a nasty accident was only narrowly averted; a turbine steamer, carrying some of those old fogies who either cannot or will not swim, collided with one of the lesser-known aspirants for the Blue Riband of the Surf. Luckily he happened to be a particularly hard-headed Scotsman, who, explaining that he was in low water, agreed to take £5 as ascertained and liquidated damages.

8.25 A.M.—The number of swimmers has now increased to such an alarming extent, and the displacement of water is so great that the French coast is slowly but surely disappearing.

9.10 A.M.—HOLBEIN, who is well within eighteen miles of the place where Calais used to be, is complaining bitterly that there is no room to swim, and alleges that he has been twice kicked in the face by a lady who passed him on the wrong side.

Later.—Twenty-three of the competitors have been taken on board their respective tugs; seven on account of the water being too warm, twelve because the water is too cold, and the remainder (who are in offices in the City) because their leave has expired.

2 P.M.—A dense crowd of French swimmers has been sighted, and it is hoped that a large proportion of them will reach Dover before nightfall and take part in the banquet which is being inaugurated in their honour by the Mayor.

3.15 P.M.—The man who was playing the bag-pipes is very sea-sick; the swimmers are striking out with renewed hope.

4 P.M.—It is now looking very like rain.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

CHANNEL SWIM

Abandoned, raining.



INADEQUATE DESCRIPTION.

Dougal (to shooting tenant, who has brought out a dog recently purchased at auction, and is now trying to whistle it back from the hill opposite). "HOO WASN'T THEY DESCRIBIT HIM IN THE CATALOGUE, DID YE SAY?"
Tenant. "IT ONLY SAID, 'FROM STRANRAER!'"

Dougal. "THEY MIGHT HA' SAID, 'TO AND FROM STRANRAER!'"

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF CADDIES.

To judge from a report in a recent issue of *The Manchester Courier* the ignorance of the Southport caddies is seriously exercising the attention of the local education authorities. Mrs. FOARD, one of the members of the Birkdale Area Education Committee, stated that as the result of "some little amateur examinations she had conducted on the golf links" she wondered how the caddies succeeded in maintaining their position in the higher standards. "Some of them could not tell the capital of England," while others seemed to have no idea that it was necessary to get out of England by water in order to go on the Continent. Mr. COCKSHOTT, the Chairman, suggested that, if the golf club committee conducted an examination and only admitted those boys who passed it, it would be a very great help.

We all know that, generally speaking, Lancashire leads the way in progress, but there are exceptions to prove the rule, and in the education of caddies there can be no doubt that they manage things better in Scotland.

Thus it may not be generally known

that the system of University Extension adopted at the University of St. Andrews embraces a Caddie Department, presided over by Professor THOMAS MONKS. Thanks to the courtesy of the Principal of St. Andrews we are enabled to reprint the General Paper set at the last terminal examination of his class by Professor ANDREW KIRKALDY, Litt. D., who occupies the chair of *Belles Lettres* in this department with the utmost urbanity:—

1. What are the capitals of Manchuria, Bessarabia, the Balearic Isles? Who are the amateur champions of Seistan, Podolia, Nova Zembla, Pitcairn Island and Bolivia?

2. What Greek philosopher was responsible for the dictum that "the half is greater than the hole"? Reconcile the apparent antinomy of this paradox.

3. Who is the only leading professional golfer who habitually plays in knickerbockers?

4. Write brief biographies of DOLLY VARDON, Miss MAY HEZLET, the Earl of ARLINGTON, and FUSELI.

5. According to some histories JOHN BALL was a priest who took part in the rebellion of WAT TYLER. Examine the

evidences for this view and state how many strokes BEN SAYERS would give the Benicia Boy if the latter were still alive.

6. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON recommends champagne before match play. State Sir VICTOR HORSLEY's view on the subject and discuss the relative merits of Talisker, phenacetin, and lemon squash as a corrective to slicing.

7. On what occasion did a famous professional golfer describe his partner (a distinguished minister of the Free Church) as "a sanctified eediot?" Did the provocation justify such intemperate language?

8. State the best routes to Le Touquet, La Boulie, and Biarritz, and give your candid opinion as to the bearing of the employment of girl caddies on the Woman Suffrage Question.

9. Give the context of the following Shakespearean quotations. (1) "I know a Hawk from a Haskel!" (2) "This apish and unmannerly approach."

10. What odds could Lord DUDLEY and Mrs. ASQUITH give Lord HALSBURY and the Countess TORIY? Is it true that the Grand Duke MICHAEL drives a longer ball than the Duke of DEVONSHIRE?

THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

III.

MY FELLOW-CLUBMEN.

WE numbered, on the average, forty members. Indeed, we have been called "The Fighting Forty." Each of us was known by a nickname—with one exception. It was significant of the respect in which our leader was held that there was no nickname for him. He was always just simply The Captain. I was Ears. Other prominent members were The Hog, The Hippopotamus, The Snipe, The Silly Sheep, The Wolf, The Turnip, The Carrot, The Pipe-Cleaner, The



The Pipe-Cleaner.

Berlin-Wool Shop, The International Fur Stores, The Map, The Torpedo, The Mummer (an interesting fellow, this; he was on the stage for many years, and had performed at all the principal hippodromes in Europe), The Dook (who claimed to be the second cousin of a pedigree dog, and was the only one of us who was careful of his toilet; it was even rumoured that he used coat-gloss), The Dyspeptic (who was absurdly touchy), King Leer (who was always ogling the women), Nobody's Darling, Bulgy, The Man-Hater, The Looney, The Braggart (he boasted, among other things, that he was the Derby Dog in 1901), The Cat, The Spotted Dog, The Ghost, The Parricide (he slew his father in a fight), and Adam (who refused to wear even a collar, and was frequently taken up by the police for being insufficiently clothed). Of some of these I propose to speak at greater length later on. We were not, perhaps, a pretty lot to look at, but we were businesslike and always ready for action. We would not shun a fight for fear that our hair might get disarranged. By-the-by, I should mention that it was at one time proposed by The Hippopotamus that the members, instead of having *sobriquets*, which were apt to cause unnecessary pain, should be called that species of dog which they most resembled. The Captain, however, declared that he would never have sufficient time at his disposal to decide such knotty questions as would then arise.

Poor old Hippo!

THE MAP.

But The Hippopotamus was by no means our most unfortunate-looking

member. The Map was this. I challenge any other club to produce a member like The Map. We were proud of The Map.

He was a dog who was divided up all over by means of black lines—he was completely criss-crossed in this way—and on each piece of territory so marked off there was writing; and it was all done in the most untidy manner. You never saw such a sight as The Map—he was the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood—and, had I been he, I should only have walked abroad at night.

His tale was a sad one. The Map had suffered much.

He started life, he told me one day, as a smooth-coated all-white—like The Ghost. His youth was not unhappy. Then, one day, he was presented to a family of six children, and his martyrdom began.

It would have been all right if he had been given to one of them, but he was given to all of them, and they were exceptionally quarrelsome children. On the very day of his arrival there was a big row, because the eldest boy claimed him by right of primogeniture. This privilege of the first-born, it seems, had never been disputed till then. It extended to all things, including the right of being served first at meals, so that the next eldest longed for the heir's death, for he did not relish the idea of having to wait till, perhaps, he was seventy before he was entitled to the first slice of pudding. But as regards their new present the younger sons would have none of this, and there was bloodshed threatened, until the Nurse said angrily, "It's all of your dogs, of course, and, what's more, if you don't stop quarrelling, it shan't be any of your dogs!" This threat sobered the children a bit, but by the end of the day the poor Map was tired to death, for they all tried to stroke him at the same time, and there was not room on him for this, and he was pushed and buffeted until he felt inclined to drop. As time went on things did not improve, and there was not a day on which The Map was not the cause of some dispute—to his great inconvenience. Sometimes, as a punishment to the children, he would be locked in a dark cellar for the entire day, so that none of them could have him.

Then one afternoon the outrage took place.

The idea was that of a school-friend who had come to tea, and who had been reading about the partition of Africa.

This young savage noticed what a source of contention The Map was, especially when he asked to whom the dog belonged and received the answers, "Me!" "Me!!" "Me!!!"" "Me!!!!" "Me!!!!!" and "Me!!!!!"

"Why don't you partition him?" asked the guest. At this The Map, who thought he was actually to be cut up, made for the door; but it was shut before he could escape.

"How?" asked the children.

The savage then explained. They were to decide on a scheme of allotment, and then with a paint brush and some marking ink he would stake the dog out. The proposal was received with acclamation, and, after a great deal of squabbling, it was decided that the eldest boy should have the head (with the sole right to feed—a nice thing for The Map, who had hitherto received food from all of them), the others were each to have a stretch of the body, while the tail—which for some reason or other was much coveted—was divided into six. The Map, all trembling, was then seized, and the suggested demarcations were made in indelible ink, and the children's names written on the appropriate parts. At the last moment the school-friend said he thought he ought to have a piece as originator of the idea, and this was agreed to. This necessitated some of the lines being deleted, and The Map suffered agonies under an abortive attempt to alter him with ink-eraser. Finally the lines which were to be shifted had to be scratched out in ink, and when this was done, and, in the excitement, several blots made on the poor beast, one may imagine how he looked. You never saw such a mess!

And even this vile plan did not mean



The Map.

The demarcations were made in indelible ink. peace for my unfortunate friend. There was soon trouble about his tail. The owner of one section commanded him to wag it, and the owner of another section forbade him to wag *his* part. And before the party broke up one boy had swopped a piece of his territory, halfway down the back, for a collection of postage stamps, and further alterations were made.

No wonder some dogs get soured! That night The Map ran away. He

did not stop running until the next morning. Then the Captain met him, and The Map became one of our most valued members. For he was now an Enemy of Society, and therefore a good fighter, and the Captain liked to surround himself with such.

The Map, I should mention, was always most sensitive about his appearance, and it was a bold dog who dared to joke about it in his presence.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. CLIFFORD has begged to differ from Father VAUGHAN. The Smart Set at Westbourne Park is all that can be desired.

The Gaekwar of BARODA has said he does not think much of the complexion of American girls, and there is talk of establishing a Rouge Trust.

It is reported that Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have volunteered to intervene with a view to bringing about a settlement of the unfortunate differences which have arisen between the Government and the Labour Party.

The Daily Chronicle published, the other day, a portrait of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL over the title, "The Hope of His Side." But surely this is a vain hope. Mr. CHURCHILL can hardly be expected to put on any more side.

The heat during the Townshend Inquiry was, we can imagine, almost unbearable, but we were none the less surprised to read the following statement in a usually reliable contemporary:—"Mr. SUTHERST tendered himself as the next witness, and disrobed before going into the box."

A serious decline in the popularity of the British Museum is indicated by an official return of attendances. It is thought, however, that if a few Pierrots be introduced all may yet be well.

According to *The Hospital* one effect of the San Francisco earthquake was to cure a number of persons of indigestion. As a consequence of this statement house-agents are now hopeful of letting to dyspeptics quite a quantity of empty houses on motor-omnibus routes.

The suggestion made by the Committee of Inquiry that cab-drivers should wear coloured badges to distinguish their length of experience in years is, we should have thought, somewhat superfluous. In the case of four-wheelers, at any rate, the older the driver the redder his nose, is already a rule.



THE SANDS OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "PLEASE REMEMBER THE DRIVER."
Passenger (after rough and rocky journey). "YOU FIEND! I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU!"

Meanwhile we hear that it has almost been decided that the number of motor-omnibuses in the Metropolis must be reduced, and that, with a view to bringing about the necessary reduction, racing is to be allowed while nearly everyone is out of town.

A Shrewsbury chemist has been fined ten pounds for poisoning a number of dogs. The opinion in canine circles is that the fellow ought to have received the cat.

To the great delight of the Directors of the South Eastern Railway a recent accident to a child on another line proved the danger of having handles inside railway carriages. The South Eastern Railway has always set itself

against this and many other new-fangled ideas.

The London County Council has decided to allow duly qualified persons to give instruction in swimming at several of the Metropolitan Parks and Commons, and soon there will be no excuse for a Londoner being unable to cross the Strand on a rainy day.

The Daily Mail has discovered that the "Motor-Cough" is "caused by the minute particles of dust raised by motor-cars which lodge themselves in the laryngeal passage." If people will use their gullets as garages, what can they expect?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Motor Car Divorce (DUCKWORTH), by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, will disappoint many who may be attracted by the promise of its title. There is plenty of motor-car in it, but nothing resembling a divorce. Never have the Apennines or the Alps been moted over by a couple so virtuous, so devoted to one another, so congenial in temperament. But it was necessary that some sort of piquancy should be instilled into the diary of a tour along the fairly familiar roads between Naples and Paris. So the author represents herself as a member of an Advanced Women's Club in New York, where they approve the Meredithian scheme of marriage-contracts terminable every ten years, a scheme of which she undertakes to be the first active apostle. She will emancipate herself from her husband on the ground of incompatibility of temper. Like a good fellow he enters heartily into this proposition, only stipulating that it shall not be carried through on vulgar lines, that would bring their happy home into contempt through servants' evidence.

Accordingly they arrange a motor-car tour as likely to furnish occasion for bickerings of which she can take full notes in a diary to be used in Court against him. But in the event we are told that no entry, except of the cost of gasoline, ever gets into the diary, which makes it difficult to understand how the book ever came to be written, unless the fleshy tablets of the lady's mind were unusually retentive of impressions.* Her narrative, written in American, and with scarce a pretence to literary style, is delightfully fresh and fluent. It avoids tedious descriptions, and often hits off the characteristics of a scene in a single sentence quotable under the pleasant fluffy little sketches (by WALTER HALE) that permit one to realise the text. The plot of the small comedy in which the Other Woman figures as a cause of groundless jealousy is rather thin and artificial, but the motor-car itself is a very convincing object, and grows quite human as one gets to understand its idiosyncrasies. The book abounds in the liveliest humour, some of it a little forced, much of it merely American, but with a charming residue that has the right quality.

I must suppose that the author really saw most of the things that she describes, however faulty her spelling of foreign names (*Tedeschi* for *Tedesci*, *bersilieri* for *bersaglieri*) may be; yet one becomes suspicious when she talks of the "Petits Chevaux" at Aix as an "affair" in which "a ball bobs round." Might not Messrs. DUCKWORTH & Co., with their superior knowledge, have put her right on this point? Then there is a picture of an English Peer which scarcely corresponds to anything outside the traditions of ignorance. But these defects are of small consequence; and many worse faults might easily be forgiven to a writer that has so gay a humour, so buoyant a charm.

The King of Day is framed to melt
The hearts of patriot sons of Erin,
Who dream of Ireland for the Celt,
Unharassed by the realm that we're in—
A land with tyrants overthrown
(As sung of old by minstrel rhymers),
That has a language all its own,
And speaks it (with the help of primers).
The heroine, whose life-long work
Is aiming at this consummation,
Is "bored and boring *Beatrice Burke*"—
I quote her own apt appellation.
HUTCHINSON is the publisher,
And MARY BUTLER author of it,
And I expect, for him and her
(And Erin), mighty little profit.

The Mystery of Magdalen (JOHN LONG) is murder, a circumstance whose gruesomeness is lightened to the sensitive mind by the alliterative charm of the title. Mrs. COULSON KERNAN lays on her colour thick and slab. Villains, chiefly Russian, come and go red-handed. *Magdalen* herself cherishes filial resolve to slay the largest of them, one *Rachmanenoff*, who had betrayed her father to the servant of the Czar. To that end she deliberately marries a good-looking reputedly rich Englishman. Why without that preliminary she could not have shot at sight the villain whom, in view of limited space, it is convenient to refer to as *R.* is one of the minor mysteries of the drama. At one point Mrs. KERNAN brings on the scene a veiled woman, for whom *Magdalen's* fiancé provides meat and lodging. There's nothing in the incident. She is merely his twin sister, temporarily parted from her husband. But what with her veil, her baby and her twin's secretiveness the experienced reader suspects mischief. It all comes right in the end. But before reaching it one rushes breathless through a series of blood-curdling scenes.

HOLIDAY VIGNETTES.

Not to those sands whose adolescent diggers
Foster a lively trade in Chelsea buns;
Whose airs are balmy with the noise of niggers,
Where lounge the flower of Neptune's fishy sons;
Not to some haunt go I whose gilded palaces
Cater with bands and oyster bars for him
Whose purse is light; where pleasure's ready chalice is
Filled for a modest shilling to the brim.

Not to hotels where jaded table-d'hôtes'
Are gorged with dubious and dyspeptic fare,
Where rich men flaunt their millions and their motors,
And rich men's wives the newest shades of hair;
Not to some spa where invalids are carried off
Daily to bathe in evil-smelling ooze,
Where coy young things of thirty-five get married off
To nervous widowers that daren't refuse.

Mine be to bask in some secluded village,
Some murmurous haunt of not too hungry flies,
Far from the shamelessly persistent pillage
Of fashionable caravanserais;
Some moorland homestead girt with purple distances,
Or Kentish farm deep bowered in orchard rows;
Some fishing town the means of whose subsistence is
Plain, but not too apparent, to the nose.

There let me live a life of peace and quiet,
Screened from the turmoil that my spirit loathes,
Taking a large but inexpensive diet,
And wearing out my oldest set of clothes;
There let me gaze enraptured on the scenery,
Breathe the fine air and sniff the loud ozone,
Or roam through lanes high walled with tender greenery,
Soaked in divine contentment to the bone.

Fresh air, fresh scenes, fresh solitude to banish
Black cares that irk the town-distracted soul;
With warbling birds, and timid beasts that vanish,
Long ere you see them, down a neighbouring hole.
These would I seek. But man's a poor dull camel, he
Still bears a load he cannot put away,
And so I've got to take my wife and family
To spend a pleasant fortnight at Herne Bay. ALGOL.

The Decadence of Scotch Humour.

"PARTIES wanted, with capital, to join practical man in the making of low yarns in the South of Scotland."—*Scotsman*.